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happiness, reputation and dignity of this country, would not probably be much affected by his labours. It is not therefore worth while for us to get into a rage in defence of our national character against the attacks of these gentlemen. It is hardly worthy of the dignity of the country to vindicate it by falling upon Mr. Gifford with personal abuse, and attempting to show that his own character is worse than that he has attributed to the people of this country, and predicting that he will at last be hanged.

On the whole, our general impression, concerning these letters from the south, is, that as far as they are made up of descriptions, sketches of character, and narrations, they are very amusing, pleasant reading, always excepting however the mawkish drollery with which these, as well as the rest of the work, are more or less dashed ; and that in other respects the performance has very little merit ;—it is meagre of information, the wit is in general poor, and the opinions and speculations are the result of superficial thinking.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Translation of a fragment of Simonides.

THE night winds howl'd—the billows dash'd
 Against the tossing chest ;—
 Danaë, to her broken heart,
 Her slumbering infant prest.

My little child—in tears she said—
 To wake and weep is mine ;
 But thou canst sleep—thou dost not know
 Thy mother's lot, and thine.

The moon is up, the moon beams smile,
 And tremble on the main ;
 But dark, within my floating cell,
 To me they smile in vain.

Thy folded mantle wraps thee warm,
 And thy long locks are dry ;
 Thou dost not hear the shrieking gust,
 Nor breakers booming high.

Yet thou, didst thou but know thy fate,
Would'st melt, my tears to see;
And I, methinks, should weep the less,
Would'st thou but weep with me.

Yet, dear one, sleep, and sleep ye winds
That vex the restless brine—
When shall these eyes, my babe, be seal'd,
As peacefully as thine!



To a Waterfowl.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight, to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a *Power*, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form, yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.